THE
Theatrical Observer;
AND
Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—Othello.

No. 2067 *Saturday, July* 26, 1828. *Price* 1*d.*

Haymarket Theatre.

Last night, *Pigeons and Crows*, with *The Two Friends, Spring and Autumn*, and *A Daughter to Marry*, were the performances at this Theatre, and, as may be inferred from the length of the list, they did not conclude until a very late hour. For our parts, we are quite at a loss to divine the motives of the Managers for this superabundant supply of amusement; we can scarcely imagine the most inveterate play-goer sitting out the four entire pieces;—why, a Miss from the country, at her first play, would be tired out.

There is no half-price at this Theatre; the endeavour to attract on that account, therefore, cannot be the motive, and we can suggest no other for this whim of the Managers to keep their house open all night; as they seem determined to do so, we beg to suggest to them the propriety of petitioning to have some houses, where refreshment may be procured, kept open, too, for in consequence of the vigilance of the police in this respect, we are doomed, after the fatigue of sitting out four pieces, to go home supperless to bed.

English-Opera House.

Last night, the Opera of *The Freebooters* was performed, at this Theatre; after which, the new comic Operetta, *He "Lies like truth,"* was repeated, for the second time, and went off exceedingly well; it is an amusing trifle, and deserves to live its day; it is also very spiritedly played; the idea of finding some one always ready to prove that the liar has spoken truth, is well conceived, and happily hit off by Mr. Benson Hill. Wrench romances with an air of such unconscious impudence, that he evidently does not know when he speaks truth by accident. This actor, who is lost at Covent Garden, is here completely at home and in his element; he appears to feel this as much as the audience. *The Bottle Imp* concluded.—The house was crowded.

Vauxhall.—Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, these gardens had a tolerably good share of company, last night, who appeared well satisfied with the variety and excellence of the amusements that can be enjoyed under cover.

Ned Shuter, the Comedian.—Ned was often very poor, and being still more negligent than poor, was careless about his dress. A friend overtaking him one day in the street, said to him, "Why, Ned, are you not ashamed to walk the streets with twenty holes in your stockings? why don't you get them mended?" "No, my friend," said Ned, "I am above it; and if you have the pride of a gentleman, you will act like me, and walk with twenty holes rather than have one darn." "How, how," replied the other, "How do you make that out?" "Why," replied Ned, "a hole is the accident of the day; but a darn is premeditated poverty."

Theatre Royal, English Opera.

This Evening, (11th time) a new Historical Anecdote, called

THE NOYADES;

Or, Love and Gratitude.

Captain Louvet, } Officers in the Republican Army { Mr J. VINING,
Major Lenigan, } { Mr BENSON HILL

Garnier, } Royalists { Mr BAKER,
Devaux, } { Mr J. BLAND,
Tardiff, } { Mr KEELEY,

Matois, Mr O. SMITH, Gaoler, Mr MINTON, Officer, Mr IRWIN.
Carline, (a Vendéan Girl) Miss KELLY,
Marguerite, (her Mother) Mrs BRYAN, Julie, Miss GRAY,
Eugenie, (a Military Heroine) Miss GOWARD.

New Scenery.

Scene 1 Interior of an Auberge in La Vendèe—2 Cottage of Marguerite—3 Field of Battle in La Vendèe—4 Dungeon of L'Entrepot—5 The City of Lantes and part of the River Loire, with the Preparations for the Destruction of the Noyades.

After which, (3rd time) a Comic Operetta, called

He "Lies like Truth!"

(SHAKSPEARE.)

The MUSIC composed by Mr. KEARNS.

Sir Charles Manley, Mr BAKER, Mr Truepenny, Mr W. BENNETT,
Rattler, Mr WRENCH, Clincher, Mr BENSON HILL.
Harriet.....Miss GRAY, Priscilla.....Miss GOWARD.

After which, (18th time) an Operatic Romance, in two acts, called

The Bottle-Imp!

The Music by Mr. G. H. Rodwell.

Albert.....(a German Traveller).....Mr WOOD,
Willibald, (his Servant) Mr KEELEY,
Nicola, (a Spaniard) Mr JAMES VINING, Waldeck, Mr EVANS,
Conrade, (his Son, an Officer of Musqueeters) Mr BAKER,
Shadrac, (a Jew Pedlar) Mr MINTON, Jomelli, Mr SALTER,
Serjeant, Mr EAST, Inquisitor, Mr IRWIN,
Montorio, Mr J. COOPER, Chamberlain, Mr HEATH.
The Bottle Imp, Mr O. SMITH.
Marcelina, (Daughter of Waldeck) Miss CAWSE,
Lucretia.....(a Venetian Lady).....Miss WESTON,
Philippa, (her Attendant) Miss H. CAWSE.

On Monday, The Noyades, with The Bottle-Imp! and The Cornish Miners.

On Tuesday, a new Opera, called Tit for Tat; or, the Tables Turned.

Theatre Royal, Hay-Market.

This Evening, the Comedy of

Pigeons and Crows.

Sir Peter Pigwiggin, Mr J. REEVE,
Captain Pigwiggin, alias Neville, Mr VINING,
Patrick O'Rorogoroo, Mr POWER,
Mr Muz, Mr WILLIAMS, Tom, Mr COVENEY,
Mr Wadd, Mr WILKINSON,
Mr Blondeau, Mr W. WEST, Bailiff, Mr MORRIS.
Mrs Harvey, Mrs GLOVER,
Louisa, Miss M. GLOVER, Mary, Mrs T. HILL.

To which will be added, (14th time) a new Drama, called

The Two Friends.

Ambrose, Mr W. FARREN,
Herbert, Mr COOPER, Valentine, Mr W. WEST.
Rose, Mrs HUMBY,
With the Song of 'How cruel for Lovers to tarry,'—R. Lacy.
Elinor.....Miss F. H. KELLY.

To conclude with the Farce of

THE CRITIC;

Or, A TRAGEDY REHEARSED.

Sir Fretful Plagiary, Mr W. FARREN,
Dangle.....Mr BRINDAL, Sneer.....Mr W. JOHNSON,
Puff, (first time) Mr COOPER.
Mrs Dangle..... Miss CURTIS.

Tragedians

Lord Burleigh, Mr DOYNE, Earl of Leicester, Mr COVENEY,
Governor of Tilbury Fort, Mr WILLIAMS,
Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr GALLOT, Beefeater, Mr WILKINSON,
Sir Christopher Hatton, Mr ROSS,
Master of the Horse, Mr COOKE, Under Prompter, Mr BISHOP,
Don Ferolo Whiskerandos, Mr J. REEVE.
Tiburina, (first time) Mrs HUMBY, Confidante, Mrs TAYLEURE,
First Niece, Miss C. CARR, Second Niece, Miss A. CARR.

On Monday, King Lear, Spring and Autumn, and Tom Thumb.

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King's Theatre, Hay-market.

This Evening, the Opera of

SEMIRAMIDE.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS BY

Madame PASTA, Mademoiselle BRAMBILLA,
Signor CURIONI, Signor PORTO,
Signor DEVILLE, and Signor ZUCHELLI.

To conclude with the new Ballet of

Diana et Endymione

CHARACTERS BY

Monsieur GOSSELIN, Madame ANATOLE,
Monsieur ANATOLE, Madlle. BROCARD,
Monsieur DAUMONT, Madame LE COMTE.
Mon. GOURIET, Madlle. DUPUIS,
Mademoiselle GLADSTONE, Madlle. LOUISE.
Madlle. ANGELICA, Madlle. COPERE,
Mademoiselle O'BRIEN, Madlle. TWAMLEY.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town. Now, may I beg the favor—pardon the liberty—never liked to be troublesome—but would you be so kind, from time to time—just for the information of my friends—as to allow your most useful Periodical to become the channel for announcing to them where I may be met with on the several days of the week.

Monday—I will be found seated at the *Diorama*, in the Regent's Park, anxiously admiring the two new Views, the charming Village of Unterseen, and the Cloisters of St. Wandrille—quite bewitching! About two, I pop in to see Mr. Burford's Marine Panorama of the *Battle of Navarino*, Strand—awfully grand—the din of war and conflagration is truly alarming—Britons bulwark—love our navy. On my return, I view his Exhibitions of Rio Janeiro, the City of St. Sebastian, Genoa, &c. Leicester Square.

On Tuesday, about three o'clock, I wander through the various Departments of that elegant Establishment, the Royal Bazaar Exhibition, 73, Oxford Street, and view The Works of Art, and enchanting British Diorama.

On Wednesday, I shall be found, with my Spectacles off, admiring the truly grand display of the Wonders of Nature—I don't mean the Naturals called Fops; but the *Microscopic* Wonders, exhibited by Mr. Carpenter, the Optician, in Regent Street. Afterwards, I shall look in on Mr. Finn, in the same street, at his *Fancy Glass-working Exhibition*—an ingenious pretty Workshop.

On Thursday, I drop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square.

On Friday, I drop in at Bateman's Buildings, Soho, to examine the various Swiss Models of the Simplon Road of Buonaparte—well executed—all for Sale.

At breakfast, I enjoy a delicious Cup of Sparrow's genuine Souchong, and at lunch, a glass of his prime Sparkling White Burgundy Champagne, from Ludgate-hill. And after dinner, Mrs. Pry amuses me with neighbouring tattle, while we sip charming Port or Sherry, had from the cheap London and Westminster Wine and Spirit Company, Strand—but I intrude, beg pardon.

Your's, PAUL PRY.